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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6A

EPISODE 1: 'Black Orchid'

by

Terence Dudley

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"DOCTOR WHO" - SERIAL 6A - EPISODE 1: 'Black Orchid'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ADRIC  
NYSSA  
TEGAN  
CRANLEIGH  
LADY CRANLEIGH  
ANN TALBOT  
SIR ROBERT MUIR  
LATONI  
THE UNKNOWN (WELL SHOD)  
BREWSTER  
TANNER

N/S:

DIGBY  
MAID  
JAMES  
POLICE CONSTABLE  
CRICKETERS  
FANCY DRESS BALL GUESTS  
SERVANTS

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Dalton Hall Composite:  
Hall and Stairs  
Drawing Room  
Bedrooms  
Corridors

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

Ext. Dalton Hall and cricket ground  
Ext. Small Railway Station  
Ext. Country Roads

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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6A

EPISODE 1: 'Black Orchid'

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1. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(TWO PAIRS OF LOWER  
LEGS AND FEET ARE  
WRITHING TOGETHER,  
SUGGESTING A COUPLE  
LOCKED IN COMBAT.

ONE OF THE COMBAT-  
ANTS (DIGBY) FALLS  
INTO SHOT.

HIS EYES ARE WIDE  
IN DEATH. HE WEARS  
A SHORT, WHITE  
JACKET.

THE VICTORIOUS FEET  
DEPART.

THESE FEET ARE WELL  
SHOD.

THE FEET MOVE OVER  
A DRUGGETTED WOOD  
FLOOR AND GO OUT  
OF SIGHT.

ON THE DEAD MAN)



2. INT. ANN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(IN A FOURPOSTER BED  
LIES A PRETTY,  
FRAGILE LOOKING GIRL  
WHO COULD BE NYSSA'S  
TWIN SISTER. SHE IS  
ANN TALBOT. SHE IS  
ASLEEP. SHE HAS  
BOBBED HAIR.

THE WELL SHOD FEET  
MOVE SILENTLY ACROSS  
THE FLOOR TO THE BED.

FROM BEHIND AN  
UNIDENTIFIABLE SHAPE.

WE LOOK AT THE  
SLEEPING ANN.

HEAVY BREATHING  
AND A STRANGE,  
GUTTURAL SOUND.

THE SHAPE MOVES  
NEARER TO THE  
SLEEPING GIRL.

SUDDENLY, AN ARM  
COMES INTO SHOT  
AND IS CROOKED  
ABOUT THE NECK  
OF THE SHAPE.

AN AMORPHOUS STRUGGLE  
TAKES PLACE.

WE CANNOT IDENTIFY  
THE OWNER OF THE  
WELL SHOD FEET BUT  
WE NOW SEE THE  
ATTACKER IN CU.

HE IS A BRAZILIAN  
INDIAN WITH SHOULDER  
LENGTH BLACK HAIR  
HELD BACK BY A YELLOW  
BAND.



HE HAS A FEARSOME  
WEDGED LOWER LIP  
WHICH PROTRUDES FIVE  
OR SIX INCHES.

THE WELL SHOD FEET  
BECOME STILL AND  
ARE BOURNE AWAY.

ANN WAKES, DISTURBED  
BY THE NOISE.

SHE TURNS ON A LIGHT  
AND LEAVES THE BED  
FOR THE DOOR WHICH  
SHE OPENS.

WE SEE A PANEL,  
BY THE BED, CLOSING.

ANN HEARS THIS BUT  
BY THE TIME SHE  
TURNS THE PANEL HAS  
BEEN CLOSED AND  
THERE IS NOTHING  
FOR HER TO SEE.

SHE IS VERY  
FRIGHTENED.

SHE LOCKS THE BEDROOM  
DOOR)

TELECINE 1:

A Small Country  
Railway Station.  
Day.

A steam train pulls  
away from the deserted  
platform as the Tardis  
materialises.

END TELECINE 1.

3. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR QUARTET  
SURROUNDS THE  
CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: What this time,  
I wonder?

(HE ACTIVATES THE  
SCANNER.

WE SEE PART OF  
THE STATION AND  
ITS NAME:  
"CRANLEIGH HALT".

WE ALSO SEE THE  
TAIL END OF THE  
TRAIN PULLING  
AWAY.

THE DOCTOR PATS  
THE CONSOLE)

What's the matter, old girl?  
Why this compulsion for planet  
Earth?

TEGAN: Is that where we are?

NYSSA: Not again!

THE DOCTOR: A railway station.

(HE LOOKS AT HIS  
CHRONOMETER)

Three o'clock on June the  
eleventh nineteen hundred  
and twenty five.



- 1/6 -

TEGAN: But I haven't been born yet.

THE DOCTOR: Interesting, isn't it? And no jet lag. Come on, let's take a look.

(HE MOVES TO THE DOOR)

- 6 -

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Railway Station.  
Day.

The QUARTET come from  
the Tardis and THE  
DOCTOR locks the door.

The train has gone.

ADRIC: What's a railway station?

THE DOCTOR: A place where one  
embarks and disembarks from  
compartments on wheels pulled  
along those rails by a steam  
engine. Rarely on time.

NYSSA: What a very silly  
activity!

THE DOCTOR: Think so? As a  
boy I rather wanted to drive  
one.

The QUARTET moves  
through the station  
entrance to the  
forecourt.

A LIVERIED CHAUFFEUR  
has fallen asleep  
behind the wheel of  
an open Rolls Royce.

He wakes up as THE  
DOCTOR and CO. move  
towards the car.

The CHAUFFEUR gets  
out of the car quickly  
and salutes.

TANNER: Good afternoon, sir.  
I'm Tanner, Lord Cranleigh's  
chauffeur.

THE DOCTOR: Lord Cranleigh?

TANNER: Yes, sir.

THE DOCTOR: We're expected?

TANNER: Oh, yes, sir. You  
are the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Indeed.

TANNER takes his eyes  
from THE DOCTOR as he  
looks at the OTHERS  
and sees NYSSA for the  
first time. He stares  
hard. It makes NYSSA  
uncomfortable.

NYSSA: May I ask what you're  
staring at?

TANNER: I'm sorry, miss.

He opens the door  
of the car.

TANNER: Please, sir, if you  
don't mind. The game's already  
started. His lordship won the  
toss and decided to bat first  
to give you time to get here.  
The train's always late.



THE DOCTOR: That's very thoughtful of his lordship.

TANNER: Yes, sir, but I think we should hurry. His lordship is a first class bat but I don't know how strong his support is this year.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, you lot!

The QUARTET gets into the car, NYSSA leading the way.

TANNER again looks at her wonderingly. He closes the door after THE DOCTOR, gets back behind the wheel and drives off.

CUT

Int. Car.

TEGAN: Now what? Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR: To a cricket match.

TEGAN: Why?

THE DOCTOR: Why not?

CUT

Railway Station. Day.

A POLICE CONSTABLE, on his rounds, wheels his bicycle into the station.

He looks around and then sees the Tardis.

The CONSTABLE is confused.

CUT

The Rolls Royce  
Pulling Through  
Imposing Park Gates  
And Bowling Along  
A Drive. Day.

Dalton Hall is an impressive Gothic residence in the grounds of which a game of cricket is in progress.

In LONG SHOT the Rolls comes to a halt.

TANNER alights to open the door for his PASSENGERS.

A handsome YOUNG MAN hurries up to greet them.

CRANLEIGH: There you are, man! Good! I'm Cranleigh. Didn't expect four of you ...

CRANLEIGH breaks off, staring at NYSSA.

CRANLEIGH: Good Lord! (HE RECOVERS) I'm so sorry! Do forgive me staring, but you look exactly like my fiancée. It's quite uncanny.

THE DOCTOR: This is Nyssa.

CRANLEIGH: You must meet her.

THE DOCTOR: Tegan and Adric.

CRANLEIGH: How do you do?  
You'd better pad up, Doctor.  
Where's your gear?

THE DOCTOR: I regret I have  
none.

(onto page 12)



CRANLEIGH: No matter. I'll fix you up. We're taking a terrible thrashing. Fifty four for eight. I made a duck.

NYSSA and ADRIC exchange glances.

CRANLEIGH turns to the others.

CRANLEIGH: If you'd care to stroll over to the marquee I'll rejoin you there.

TEGAN: Thank you.

CRANLEIGH: (TO THE DOCTOR)  
Come on!

They stride off.

CRANLEIGH: (TO THE DOCTOR)  
Smutty said he'd send someone useful with a bat.

THE DOCTOR: Smutty?

CRANLEIGH: Smutty Thomas.  
Don't you call him Smutty at Guy's.

THE DOCTOR: No, as a matter of fact.

CRANLEIGH: Always Smutty at school. The wicket's very green and the ball's keeping low. Any good with the ball?

THE DOCTOR: Not bad.

CRANLEIGH: Good! Medium pace?  
Slow?

THE DOCTOR: Fast.

CRANLEIGH: Top hole!

CUT TO a GROUP of  
SPECTATORS.

It includes a handsome  
woman of fifty. (The  
Dowager LADY CRANLEIGH  
and an authoratitive man  
of the same age (SIR  
ROBERT MUIR)

MIX

THE DOCTOR is going  
great guns at the  
wicket to the delight  
of CRANLEIGH.

A scoreboard shows:  
"CRANLEIGH C.C."

"148  
9  
13"

CRANLEIGH approaches  
LADY CRANLEIGH with  
TEGAN, ADRIC and NYSSA.

CRANLEIGH: Mother, I'd like to  
introduce Tegan, Adric.

LADY CRANLEIGH: How do you do?  
What enchanting names!

CRANLEIGH: And this is Nyssa.

LADY CRANLEIGH stares.

LADY CRANLEIGH: How extraordinary!

CRANLEIGH: Isn't it?

LADY CRANLEIGH: (SUDDEN  
REALISATION) Worcestershire!

CRANLEIGH: Apparently not.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Nyssa, did you  
say?

CRANLEIGH: Yes.

LADY CRANLEIGH: (TO NYSSA) I  
beg your pardon, my dear. You  
must be a Worcestershire Talbot.

NYSSA: (VERY PUZZLED) No.  
I'm not.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Are you quite  
sure?

NYSSA: Quite sure.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Robert?

SIR ROBERT: Uncanny! Quite  
uncanny!

LADY CRANLEIGH: Two peas in  
a pod. Positively two peas  
in a pod!

NYSSA: I beg your pardon?

LADY CRANLEIGH: My dear, you  
must forgive a pardonable  
curiosity. Where are you from?

NYSSA: The Empire of Traken.



LADY CRANLEIGH: Really.

The applause has  
distracted HER LADYSHIP.

THE DOCTOR has hit a  
four.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Your Doctor  
substitute has made your score  
almost respectable, Charles.

CRANLEIGH: Perfectly ripping  
performance. Better player  
than Smutty.

MIX

CRANLEIGH'S SIDE now  
in the field.

The score board reads:  
GUY'S HOSPITAL  
"44  
3  
21"

A MONTAGE of SHOTS  
of THE DOCTOR bowling.

Wickets tumble one  
after the other.

A ball strikes a stump  
from the ground and  
ALL the PLAYERS begin  
to leave the field.

CRANLEIGH claps THE  
DOCTOR on the shoulder.

CRANLEIGH: Ripping performance,  
old man! Come and meet the  
mater! (cont ...)

CRANLEIGH and THE  
DOCTOR come up to LADY  
CRANLEIGH.

CRANLEIGH: (cont) Mother, may I present the Doctor.

LADY CRANLEIGH: How do you do?

THE DOCTOR: How do you do?

LADY CRANLEIGH: Doctor? Who?

CRANLEIGH: I'm sorry, mother, he'd like to remain incognito. I think we should respect that after what he's done today.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Of course.

SIR ROBERT: First rate, sir.

CRANLEIGH: Sir Robert Muir, the Chief Constable.

THE DOCTOR and SIR  
ROBERT shake hands.

THE DOCTOR: How d'you do.

SIR ROBERT: A superb innings! Worthy of the Master.

THE DOCTOR: The Master?

SIR ROBERT: The other doctor, W.G. Grace.

THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, of course. Thank you.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Are you able to stay for the ball, Doctor?

CRANLEIGH: You must. I insist. All of you.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

LADY CRANLEIGH: We have one every year in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children.

TEGAN: It's fancy dress, isn't it?

CRANLEIGH: Yes.

TEGAN: We haven't any costumes.

SIR ROBERT: And I was thinking how charming yours was.

TEGAN exchanges a look with NYSSA.

CRANLEIGH: Costumes are no problem. We keep a selection for last minute guests. I'm sure we can fix you up. (TO THE DOCTOR) How would you like to take a cocktail to your bath?

THE DOCTOR: Well, certainly a cold drink.

CRANLEIGH: Come along then.

ADRIC: What do you do with a cock tail in a bath?

CRANLEIGH: Drink it, my young friend.

A look between ADRIC  
and NYSSA.

A general drift towards  
the Hall.

LS Hall.

CRASH ZOOM in on an  
upper window.

It is barred.

Between the bars a  
CU of LATONI, the  
Indian.

END TELECINE 2.



4. INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

(ON A TABLE WITH  
A RICH ARRAY OF  
BOTTLES.

THERE ARE ALSO  
GLASSES AND AN  
ICE BUCKET.

A BUTLER IS  
PREPARING A COCK-  
TAIL.

CRANLEIGH, HIS  
MOTHER, SIR ROBERT,  
THE DOCTOR, NYSSA,  
TEGAN AND ADRIC)

CRANLEIGH: When the weather  
is fine we hold the ball on  
the front terrace. We so  
enjoy the light, summer  
evening. And my mother casts  
spells on the weather.

THE DOCTOR: Lady Cranleigh  
is a bewitching Lady.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Where have  
you been hiding this young  
man, Charles? In future I  
expect to see much more of  
him.

CRANLEIGH: I will give you  
a fixture list, Doctor. You  
must let me know when you may  
be available to play again.

LADY CRANLEIGH: There is more  
to life than cricket, Charles.

(ANN TALBOT ENTERS.

CRANLEIGH GOES TO  
HER)

CRANLEIGH: Ann, my dear. Come  
and meet the hero of the day  
and ...

(HE BRINGS HER TO  
NYSSA)

THE DOCTOR: Great Scott!

(THE TWO GIRLS  
STARE AGHAST.

TEGAN AND ADRIC  
EXCHANGE ASTOUNDED  
LOOKS)

CRANLEIGH: Ann Talbot, my  
fiancee. This is Nyssa.

(THE GIRLS SLOWLY  
SHAKE HANDS AND  
STARE, UNBELIEVINGLY)

The Doctor.

(MURMURED GREETINGS  
ARE EXCHANGED BUT  
ANN CAN'T TAKE HER  
EYES FROM NYSSA)

And this is Tegan ... and  
Adric.

(MORE MURMURED  
GREETINGS)

THE DOCTOR: Quite fantastic!  
Even the voice is similar.

ANN: (SUDDENLY) Worcester!  
Have you an uncle Percy?

NYSSA: No.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Not a  
Worcestershire Talbot.

ANN: Then where are you from?

NYSSA: Traken.

ANN: Where's that?

SIR ROBERT: Near Esher isn't it?

(THE BUTLER PUTS  
THE COCKTAIL ON A  
SILVER TRAY HELD  
BY A FOOTMAN.

THE FOOTMAN TAKES  
THE COCKTAIL TO  
LADY CRANLEIGH)

ANN: Could there be Talbots near Esher?

LADY CRANLEIGH: Not possible.  
The hunt isn't good enough.

(SHE TAKES HER DRINK)

CRANLEIGH: What may I offer you, Doctor? Brewster can make absolutely anything quite superbly.

THE DOCTOR: I have a terrible thirst. Perhaps a lemonade with lots of ice.

CRANLEIGH: Ann?

THE DOCTOR: The same as the Doctor, please.

CRANLEIGH: (TO TEGAN) My dear?



TEGAN: A screwdriver, please.

(ADRIC LOOKS A LITTLE  
STARTLED)

CRANLEIGH: A screwdriver,  
Brewster!

BREWSTER: Milord.

(CRANLEIGH TURNS TO  
NYSSA)

NYSSA: (STILL ABSTRACTED BY  
ANN) Thank you. I'll have  
the same.

CRANLEIGH: Orange squash for  
the children, Brewster.

BREWSTER: Milord.

(NYSSA AND ADRIC  
EXCHANGE A LOOK.

THE DRINKS CONTINUE  
TO BE DISPENSED.

TEGAN MOVES AWAY  
TO A TABLE ON  
WHICH IS A BLACK  
ORCHID.

IT HAS BLACK SEPALS  
AND GOLD LIPS)

CRANLEIGH: Bob?

SIR ROBERT: My usual, please.

CRANLEIGH: A Tom Collins,  
Brewster.

BREWSTER: Milord.

(ANN TAKES NYSSA  
A LITTLE APART)

ANN: Are you really from  
Esher?

NYSSA: I don't even know  
where Esher is.

TEGAN: How beautiful.

(LADY CRANLEIGH  
MOVES TO HER)

LADY CRANLEIGH: A black  
orchid. It is very beautiful,  
isn't it? It was found on  
the Orinoco by my elder son.

TEGAN: Of course! I thought  
the name was familiar.  
George Cranleigh, the  
botanist, the explorer.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Yes, but the  
Brazilian forest took its  
toll. He never returned from  
his last expedition two years  
ago.

TEGAN: I'm sorry.

(LADY CRANLEIGH MOVES  
TO LOOK AT A PORTRAIT  
ON A WALL.

THE SUBJECT RESEMBLES  
CRANLEIGH)

LADY CRANLEIGH: Ann was engaged to him. But, I'm delighted to be able to say, we're still going to have her in the family.

(SIR ROBERT INDICATING  
ANN AND NYSSA)

SIR ROBERT: If Charles marries the right girl.

(THERE IS A GENERAL  
CHUCKLE)

ANN: Nyssa what?

NYSSA: Just Nyssa.

ANN: But you can't be.

NYSSA: I am.

ANN: (TO LADY CRANLEIGH)  
Nyssa doesn't even know where Esher is.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Which shows great taste. Never mind, Nyssa. Our curiosity has been vulgar enough. It's high time we all changed.

CRANLEIGH: I'm for a bath. If the ladies will excuse us I'll show you to your room, Doctor. Bring your drink. You, too, young man.

(CRANLEIGH, THE  
DOCTOR AND ADRIC  
GO OUT)

LADY CRANLEIGH: Perhaps you'll  
do the same for the young  
women, Ann, my dear?

ANN: Of course.



5. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(LATONI, THE INDIAN,  
MOVES ALONG A NARROW  
CORRIDOR APPROACHING  
A STOUT WOOD DOOR  
WITH HEAVY METAL  
REINFORCEMENT.

HE PRODUCES A LARGE  
KEY AND UNLOCKS THE  
DOOR.

AS HE OPENS IT AND  
MOVES INTO THE ROOM  
BEYOND HE IS HIT ON  
THE HEAD BY AN  
UNSEEN ASSAILANT.

LATONI DROPS TO THE  
FLOOR.

A POKER FALLS TO  
THE FLOOR NEXT TO  
HIM.

THE WELL SHOD FEET  
STEP OVER THE INERT  
LATONI AND MOVE  
OUT OF SHOT)

6. INT. DOCTOR'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR STANDS  
BY THE BED HOLDING  
UP A FANCY DRESS.

IT SHOULD BE  
FLAMBOYANT AND SUCH  
THAT IT COMPLETELY  
CONCEALS THE IDENTITY  
OF THE WEARER)

CRANLEIGH: I must flatter  
myself and call that an  
admirable choice.

THE DOCTOR: It certainly is.  
What are you going to wear?

CRANLEIGH: Ah, that's better  
left as a surprise. Now I  
must attend to the young man.  
What was his name?

THE DOCTOR: Adric.

CRANLEIGH: Scandinavian?

THE DOCTOR: Not quite. He's  
Alzarian.

CRANLEIGH: Never could remem-  
ber all those funny Baltic  
bits. Geography was never my  
strong point. My brother stole  
all the thunder there. A  
positive Odin. Until later.

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(CRANLEIGH GOES OUT.

THE DOCTOR INSPECTS  
HIS FANCY DRESS.

HE PUTS DOWN HIS  
LEMONADE AND TAKES  
OFF HIS COAT.

HE THEN TAKES HIS  
DRINK INTO THE  
BATHROOM)

7. INT. ANN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(ANN IS BEING HELPED  
INTO HER COSTUME  
BY A MAID)

ANN: Will it go any tighter?

(THE MAID MAKES  
AN ADJUSTMENT)

That's much better. Thank you,  
Alice.

(THE DRESSING  
CONTINUES.

THE PANEL BY THE  
BED, OPENS NOISELESS-  
LY AND THE WELL  
SHOD FEET APPEAR.

THE FEET STOP IN  
THEIR TRACKS, THERE  
IS A MOMENT'S HESITATION,  
AND THEN THE FEET  
WITHDRAW.

THE PANEL CLOSES  
NOISELESSLY.

THE DRESSING IS  
COMPLETE.

ANN POINTS TO A  
CARDBOARD BOX)

Bring that!

(ANN AND THE MAID  
GO OUT, THE MAID  
BEARINGING THE BOX)



8. INT. TEGAN/NYSSA BEDROOM. DAY.

(THIS IS ANN'S  
ROOM REDRESSED.

TEGAN AND NYSSA ARE  
GETTING DRESSED.

TEGAN HUMS)

NYSSA: What are you humming?

TEGAN: Charleston. It's a  
great dance, too.

NYSSA: You know the dances of  
this period?

TEGAN: I know the Charleston.  
I learnt it for a play I was  
in at school.

NYSSA: How's it performed?

TEGAN: I'll show you.

(TEGAN SINGS AND  
DANCES THE 'CHARLESTON'.

NYSSA WATCHES)

NYSSA: Is that dancing?

(TEGAN STOPS DANCING)

TEGAN: It wasn't that bad.

NYSSA: No. It's that on Traken our dancing is much more formalised and far more complex.

TEGAN: You dance?

NYSSA: It was part of my training. And although I say it myself, I'm considered quite good.

(A TAP ON THE DOOR  
AND IN COMES ANN  
FOLLOWED BY THE  
MAID)

ANN: My dears, I've had an absolutely ripping idea!

NYSSA: (OF ANN'S COSTUME) Oh, how lovely! That's lovely!

ANN: My dear, I'm so glad you think so. Look!

(SHE SIGNALS TO THE  
MAID WHO OPENS THE  
BOX AND TAKES OUT  
A COSTUME IDENTICAL  
TO THE ONE WORN  
BY ANN)

There! With the head-dress nobody, but nobody, will be able to tell us apart. Isn't that topping?

(NYSSA IS WON OVER)

NYSSA: Quite topping!

(GIRLISH LAUGHTER  
ALL ROUND, INCLUDING  
THE MAID)

ANN: Just as long as I don't  
show this.

(SHE PULLS DOWN THE  
NECK BAND OF HER  
COSTUME)

TEGAN: A mole.

ANN: Yes. (OF NYSSA) You  
haven't got one, have you?

NYSSA: No.

ANN: Good.

(TEGAN LOOKING FROM  
ONE TO THE OTHER)

TEGAN: Just as well, I suppose.

9. INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS EMPTY:  
THE FANCY DRESS  
STILL ON THE BED.

WE HEAR THE DOCTOR  
SINGING IN THE  
BATHROOM "I want to  
be happy".

THE PANEL BY THE  
BED OPENS NOISE-  
LESSLY AND THE  
WELL SHOD FEET  
APPEAR.

THE HESITATION,  
AS IN SCENE  
SEVEN, AND THEN  
THE FEET ADVANCE.

AT THIS MOMENT THE  
DOCTOR'S VOICE  
BECOMES LOUDER.

THE FEET PANIC  
SLIGHTLY AS THEY  
REALISE THEY ARE  
CUT OFF FROM THE  
PANEL.

THEY LOOK AROUND  
FOR ANOTHER WAY  
OF ESCAPE, SEE  
THE MAIN DOOR,  
CROSS TO IT, AND  
EXIT.

THE DOCTOR COMES  
IN FROM THE BATH-  
ROOM AND SEES THE  
OPEN PANEL)

THE DOCTOR: Hallo.      Who's  
there?      (cont ...)



(THE DOCTOR CROSSES  
TO THE OPEN PANEL  
TYING THE BELT OF  
HIS DRESSING GOWN.

THE DOCTOR THEN  
PEERS INTO THE  
OPENING)

THE DOCTOR: (cont.) Hallo.

10. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(AS THE DOCTOR  
COMES FROM THE  
BEDROOM THE  
PANEL CLOSES  
BEHIND HIM.

HE TURNS AND  
ATTEMPTS TO  
OPEN IT WITHOUT  
SUCCESS.

HE TRIES A  
LITTLE LONGER  
AND THEN  
ABANDONS THE  
ATTEMPT IN  
FAVOUR OF  
EXPLORATION.

HE MOVES DOWN THE  
CORRIDOR,  
EXAMINING THE  
WALLS)

11. INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(THE MAIN DOOR OF  
THE ROOM OPENS.

THE WELL SHOD FEET  
APPEAR AND CROSS  
THE FLOOR TO THE  
BED.

UGLY, MUTILATED  
HANDS PICK UP THE  
COSTUME.

THE FEET RETURN TO  
THE DOOR, THE  
COSTUME TRAILING  
WITH THEM.

THE FEET AND  
COSTUME GO OUT AND  
THE DOOR CLOSES  
BEHIND THEM)

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12. INT. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
PROGRESSED TO  
ANOTHER PART.

HE FEELS ALONG  
THE WALLS  
SEARCHING FOR  
AN EXIT)

THE DOCTOR: Why do I always let  
my curiosity get the better of  
me?

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TELECINE 3:

The south terrace of  
the Hall:

A small band plays,  
or appears to play  
dance music of 1925.

There is an elaborate  
buffet where BREWSTER,  
TWO FOOTMEN and TWO  
MAIDS hover in readi-  
ness.

The servants are the  
only members of the  
gathering not in fancy  
dress.

LADY CRANLEIGH moves  
among her guests.

CRANLEIGH is dancing  
with ANN, SIR ROBERT  
with TEGAN.

NYSSA is with ADRIC.

NYSSA: I rather think this  
will be fun. I think you  
have to ask me to dance.

ADRIC: Why?

NYSSA: Because that's what  
everybody else has been doing.

ADRIC: What! All these  
people?

NYSSA: Not me, you idiot!  
Each other. Come on! Ask  
me!

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ADRIC: I don't think I can do this.

NYSSA: Yes, you can. Just follow me. Come on!

They dance off.

NYSSA leading,  
ADRIC following  
stylelessly.

SIR ROBERT: I hope Lord Cranleigh has the right girl. It's a little naughty really.

TEGAN: I think it's a great giggle.

SIR ROBERT: A great what?

TEGAN: Giggle.

SIR ROBERT: Giggle. Ah, yes.

We join CRANLEIGH  
and ANN.

CRANLEIGH: There is one way of not getting you mixed up.

ANN: What's that?

CRANLEIGH: To have every dance with you.

ANN: Foiled again! You're the host.

The dance comes to an end.

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NYSSA and ANN wave to each other and then, as if by pre-arrangement, they run to join each other watched by the amused guests.

They flit about the terrace and then disappear behind some masonry.

LADY CRANLEIGH is not sure she approves of this.

When the girls reappear they curtsy to the guests who applaud delightedly.

LADY CRANLEIGH is mollified.

The band strikes up again.

The "TWINS" rejoin ADRIC and CRANLEIGH.

ADRIC: Nyssa?

"TWIN": Guess!

They dance.

CRANLEIGH: Ann?

"TWIN": Guess!

They dance.

SIR ROBERT: We might have known they'd be up to something. Now no-one can tell them apart.

TEGAN: I can.

SIR ROBERT: How?

TEGAN: That's a secret.

ADRIC and his  
"TWIN".

"TWIN": Where's the Doctor?

ADRIC: I don't know.

"TWIN": What's he wearing?

ADRIC: I don't know that,  
either.

"TWIN": You should ask Lady  
Cranleigh to dance.

ADRIC: I don't do it very  
well. Anyway, I'd rather  
eat.

He crosses to the  
food table.

The abandoned "TWIN"  
is immediately  
swooped upon by an  
exotic guest and is  
swept away.

END TELECINE 3.



13. INT. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
RETRACING HIS  
STEPS, WORKING  
ALONG THE OTHER  
WALL)

THE DOCTOR: Why didn't I leave  
after the cricket?

TELECINE 4:

The dance on the terrace continues.

LATONI appears.

In the circumstances his appearance excites little interest.

LATONI crosses to LADY CRANLEIGH who is dancing with a guest.

LADY CRANLEIGH stops dancing.

LADY CRANLEIGH: (TO GUEST) I must ask you to excuse me.

Guest gives a small bow.

LADY CRANLEIGH leaves the dance.

ADRIC looks about him and sees both "TWINS" with their partners.

He smiles.

LADY CRANLEIGH takes LATONI a little apart to a spot where they are not observed.

She speaks quietly but fiercely.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Latoni! What are you doing here? Go back to your quarters at once!

LATONI: My friend has  
escaped.

LADY CRANLEIGH: What?

LATONI: He hit me from  
behind and escaped.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Where  
was Digby?

LATONI: Digby has gone.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Gone!  
Where?

LATONI: I don't know.  
I have not seen him  
today.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Come  
with me!

END TELECINE 4.

14. INT. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AS  
BEFORE.

SUDDENLY HIS SLOW  
MOVEMENT IS  
ARRESTED AS HE  
FINDS SOMETHING OF  
INTEREST)

THE DOCTOR: At last ...

(HE WORKS A LITTLE  
ON THE WALL.

SOMETHING GIVES  
WAY AND A PANEL  
SWINGS INTO  
ANOTHER LIGHTER  
CORRIDOR)



15. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THIS CORRIDOR  
DIFFERS FROM  
THE OTHER IN  
THAT IT IS  
PART OF THE  
LIVING  
ACCOMMODATION  
OF THE HALL  
AS DISTINCT  
FROM MERE  
ACCESS TO A  
PRIEST HOLE.

THE DOCTOR  
COMES THROUGH  
THE PANEL FROM  
THE DARKNESS  
OF THE OTHER)

THE DOCTOR:     ... wherever  
this is.

(THERE ARE A  
NUMBER OF DOORS  
ALONG THE WALL,  
WHICH ARE  
ENTRANCES TO  
FITTED CUPBOARDS,  
ALTHOUGH THEY  
LOOK AS THOUGH  
THEY ARE DOORS  
TO ROOMS.

HOPING IT WILL  
SET HIM ON HIS  
WAY BACK TO HIS  
OWN ROOM, THE  
DOCTOR OPENS  
ONE OF THE  
DOORS BUT  
FINDS A  
CUPBOARD FULL  
OF BOOKS.

THE DOCTOR PICKS  
ONE UP TO LOOK  
AT IT.

IT IS A  
BOTANICAL WORK.

HE CLOSES THE  
DOOR AND MOVES  
ON TO ANOTHER.

THIS ONE IS  
FILLED WITH  
NEATLY STACKED  
ARTICLES OF  
MEN'S CLOTHING:  
SHIRTS, COLLARS.  
UNDERWEAR ETC.)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Terrace. Day.

On the terrace a dance comes to an end.

The "TWINS" leave their respective partners for a moment, moving towards each other.

ADRIC goes to them.

SIR ROBERT is still with TEGAN.

SIR ROBERT: My dear, you deserve a better dancer than I. We must find you someone your own age.

TEGAN: You're bonza dancer, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT: That, surely, is a great giggle.

We see the "TWINS" momentarily together in LS with ADRIC approaching them.

The band strikes up a Charleston and the GUESTS go into the dance with zest.

TEGAN does the dance expertly.

ADRIC stops and watches TEGAN admiringly, as do the "TWINS".

After a moment a GUEST approaches one "TWIN" for the dance.

The "TWIN" goes into the Charleston with him.

ADRIC moves to the other "TWIN".

ADRIC: Enjoying yourself, Nyssa?

"TWIN": Nyssa? Can you be sure, Adric?

ADRIC: (GRINNING) Yes.

He points to the DANCERS.

ADRIC: You can't do that.

"TWIN": Can't I?

She swings into the dance effortlessly.

ADRIC is both crestfallen and amused.

"TWIN": Come on! You do it!

ADRIC: Never!

The "TWIN" dances on.

END TELECINE 5.



16. INT. HALL/STAIRS. DAY.

(DOWN THE MAIN  
STAIRCASE COMES  
AN UNIDENTIFIABLE  
GUEST WEARING THE  
COSTUME APPORTIONED  
TO THE DOCTOR.

THE UNKNOWN CONTINUES  
ON OUT OF SHOT)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Terrace. Day.

On the terrace the  
Charleston comes to  
an end.

As the music for  
the next dance  
begins the UNKNOWN  
approaches ADRIC'S  
"TWIN" and, wordlessly,  
invites her to dance.  
She accepts happily,  
winking at ADRIC.

END TELECINE 6.

17. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR,  
MOVING ALONG  
THE CORRIDOR,  
COMES TO A  
DEAD END.

HE'S ABOUT  
TO RETURN  
WHENCE HE  
CAME WHEN  
THE CARVING  
ON ONE WALL  
CATCHES HIS  
ATTENTION.

HIS FINGERS  
EXAMINE IT  
AND PART OF  
IT GIVES  
UNDER THEM.

A PANELLED  
DOOR SWINGS  
AWAY FROM  
HIM.

HE GOES  
THROUGH  
THE OPENING  
TO-)

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18. INT. SMALL ANNEXE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR COMES  
INTO A SMALL  
ANNEXE FROM  
WHICH ASCEND  
SOME STAIRS.

HE BEGINS TO  
CLIMB)

19. INT. LANDING. DAY.

(A SMALL LANDING,  
AT THE HEAD OF  
THE STAIRS,  
GIVES ACCESS TO  
A HEAVY WOOD  
DOOR WITH METAL  
REINFORCEMENT.

THE DOOR IS  
AJAR.

THE DOCTOR  
COMES UP THE  
STAIRS, SEES  
THE DOOR AND  
CAUTIOUSLY  
MOVES TO IT  
TO ENTER)

THE DOCTOR: Hallo.



20. INT. DETENTION ROOM. DAY.

(A BED-SITTING  
ROOM WHICH IS  
LUXURIOUSLY  
FURNISHED.

IT HAS A  
FIREPLACE.

THE WINDOW IS  
BARRED.

THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS ABOUT  
THE ROOM.

HE MOVES TO  
A TABLE, PICKS  
UP A BOOK AND  
OPENS IT.

IT IS PRINTED  
IN PORTUGUESE)

THE DOCTOR: Interesting ...  
Portugese.

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Terrace. Day.

The dance continues.

The UNKNOWN steers  
the "TWIN" towards  
the house.

END TELECINE 7.

21. INT. SMALL ANNEXE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
ENTERS THE  
ANNEXE FROM  
THE STAIRS.

HE THEN  
CROSSES TO  
THE PANEL  
AND PASSES  
THROUGH TO-)

22. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
MAKES HIS  
WAY ALONG  
TO THE DOORS)

THE DOCTOR: One of these  
must take me out of here.

(HE TRIES A  
DOOR, BUT HE  
IS BACK WITH  
THE BOOKS.

HE TRIES ANOTHER  
AND THIS TIME HE  
FINDS THE  
GROTESQUELY  
TWISTED BODY OF  
DIGBY. HE'S DEAD.

THE DOCTOR REACTS)

23. INT. HALL/STAIRS. DAY.

(THE UNKNOWN  
AND "TWIN"  
DANCE INTO  
THE HALL.)

THE UNKNOWN  
HALTS THE  
DANCE AND  
STARES AT  
HIS PARTNER)

"TWIN": That was great fun.

(NO REPLY)

Shall we go back to the  
terrace?

(NO REPLY.  
"TWIN" IS  
BECOMING  
CONCERNED)

I'm afraid we must return to  
the others.

(IN ANSWER A  
GUTTERAL SOUND  
COMES FROM THE  
UNKNOWN)

Who are you? (cont ...)

(THE "TWIN"  
TRIES TO  
BREAK PULL  
AWAY, BUT  
THE GRIP  
ON HER  
TIGHTENS)



"TWIN": (cont) Let me go!

(THE UNKNOWN  
BEGINS TO  
PULL HER  
AWAY)

Stop it! Let me go, whoever  
you are!

(THE "TWIN"  
NOW BEGINS  
TO FIGHT,  
BUT THE  
UNKNOWN  
HAS GREAT  
STRENGTH)

Help! (AND AGAIN) Help!

(JAMES, THE  
FOOTMAN,  
APPEARS  
CARRYING AN  
ICE BUCKET  
CONTAINING  
EMPTY BOTTLES.

HE PUTS THIS  
DOWN AND COMES  
TO THE "TWIN'S"  
AID.

THE UNKNOWN  
IMMEDIATELY  
RELEASES HIS  
VICTIM AND  
TURNS ON THE  
FOOTMAN.

JAMES IS SPUN  
AND TAKEN BY  
AN ARM ROUND  
THE NECK.

THE "TWIN"  
TRIES TO HELP  
BUT IS TOTALLY  
INEFFECTUAL.

THE FOOTMAN  
FALLS TO  
THE FLOOR,  
HIS EYES  
WIDE.

THE "TWIN"  
LOOKS ON IN  
HORROR AND  
FALLS IN A  
FAINT, HITTING  
HER HEAD.

THE UNKNOWN  
LOOKS DOWN  
AT HER AND  
THEN HIS  
HANDS MOVE  
SLOWLY TO  
HER AS HE  
STOOPS)

FADE OUT